

A MODEST  
APOLOGY  
FOR THE  
MAN in the BOTTLE.  
By HIMSELF.

Being a full ANSWER to all that ever  
was, or ever will be said upon that  
important Occasion.

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*Ridentem discere verum.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. FREEMAN, near St. Paul's.





A MODEST  
APOLOGY

FOR THE

Man in the Bottle, &c.



**A**MONGST the various Follies the Town has danced after, since the Restoration, and particularly since a later Date of foreign Encouragement, that of the poor Bottle Man, *in the Bottle*, out of the Bottle, at the *Hay-Market*, not at the *Hay-Market*, &c. has furnished the Beau Monde, down to the Cocker, with the greatest Scene of Laughter, but followed with the highest Fury that Fire and Vengeance could pursue.

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As I am the unhappy Person, who, thro' Loss in Trade, suffered to such a Degree as to be obliged, like many of the most Eminent and Dignified, to attempt a *Stratagem* to keep the Wolf from the Door ; therefore in this my honest Appeal to the Publick, hope I may be indulg'd as much as a Man in my Circumstances can, by relating the Truth of my Case, and comparing mine with *that of many preceding Schemes* and Miracles.

It is as much, and perhaps more, my Province and Duty to satisfy the Publick, and with the same Liberty as any other Subject, however displeasing the Task. The Law of Nature is often a Justification even for Murder or Manslaughter; the Laws of Nations, which are municipal, concur in disappointing the private Views of these Vultures in Nature, who would either oppress or destroy, without the least Remorse of Conscience, those publick and benevolent Spirits of human Kind, who have so often rendered the highest Service to their Fellow Creatures and Country.

I shall endeavour in the following  
Lines,

Lines, I hope with Success, to convince, or at least satisfy the Town, as far as a Man in my Condition can do, and honestly and freely confess, from my particular Circumstances, before stated, I was drove like unto a great Minister of State, to a *dermier Resört or Scheme*; and that nothing less than raising Money for *private Purposes*, and *from the Publick*, how far I've succeeded you are my Judges; as such I appeal to you; and in one single Instance I assure you, I have a large craving Family in Distress; and to prevent my going astray on the high or private Road, I took that Method of entering into the Bottle, that is, by way of a *deceptio visus* from the Encouragement I had, and from the Eagerness the Town pursue Novelties as well as Oddities.

As such an uncommon Operation must be attended with many unnatural Incidents, I beg Leave to put the Matter in two Views; the One as *Truth*, and the Other in *Ridicule*, and afterwards submit myself how far I am that great Impostor that I am reported to be, or whether they did not impose upon themselves, if there was any Imposition on either Side.

WERS

WERE I an *Italian* Singer, very possible I should have some noble Lord to patronize me, a Fidler or Dancer, could never fail of Success ; a *Swiss* Valet is every Fop's Guest, a *German*, *Hussar*, a Masquerade Dresser, or common Prostitute, are Companions for a —, a Bawdy-house Keeper would be truly valuable ; nay, if I had prevented the heavy groaning Debts of the Nation, a Standing Army in the Time of Peace, a most surprizing Fleet without Action ; had I destroyed all the Acts of Bankrupts ; had I laid a Scheme for preventing the Fireworks, and giving the Money to the Soldiers, who so gloriously fought *for all Mankind* ; and even had I attempted to infringe upon that glorious Prerogative of the Representatives of the People, *Privilege of Parliament* ; deprived a *Sunday Evening's* Audience of their Eyes and Senses ; or last of all, had I attacked my Brother Schemers in any material Shape of Life, it would then be Time enough to throw Dirt upon an unfortunate Tradesman and Citizen of *London*. Mine was *for one Night only*, at least *to begin with*. If I am condemn'd, 'tis my Misfortune ; but what thinking Person upon Earth can do so.

Is any Thing more common than for the greatest People in the Nation to lay *Schemes*, as I before hinted, to get quit of their Distresses? Mine was the *Bottle*; then, the only Question will arise is, Whether I was, or was not in the *Bottle*? Imagination is sometimes an Apology for Reason; and hope I shall be indulged to state it either Way.

THAT I was to have been in the *Bottle*, was as evident as Mr. *F*—'s being in the House; and that I was not in the *Bottle*, is likewise as certain to common Apprehension, as that the Inside of the House was set on Fire by way of Joy that I was not in the *Bottle*; but even for the Sake of common Reason, let me ask those courageous Heroes, Petitmaitres and Witling Coxcombs, Whether it was necessary to see me go into the *Bottle*, or not? and if I were in, Whether it was necessary to see me come out of the *Bottle*? and likewise, Whether I am not in the *Bottle* still, being invisible?—All *Bottles* are not transparent. Can even Mr. *F*— or Dr. *T*—, either with Squint or Argument prove the contrary?—At all Events, I am the Party injured, and therefore have Liberty to speak.

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I DON'T do it, however, with that unparallel'd Impudence that Malice and Envy have puffed some publick Orators into Print, in an Affair that does not by any Means concern them, nor any body else but myself.

AMONGST other Scandal thrown upon me, such a modest Fellow as myself who demands only Four Hundred Pounds for a Bonfire, brands me with the Name of *Nicholson*, alluding, by way of Wit, to that Son of Satan or Satan himself, vulgarly called *Old Nick*, and so by a little Transition comes the Name *Nickson*, but I think it will not add to his Reputation, if I am really the Person called a Son of the Devil, to have any Dealings with me, or receive my Money, which no one Christian will believe was for any other Purpose than as a Bribe to damn Mankind, and which to his Shame, and a little to his Credit, I hope to convince him to the contrary.

OTHERS have been a little more kind, and have called me only *Nixson*, the Prophet whom the *Cheshire* People, and *Lancashire* Witches, have always deemed an honest Fellow.

BUT



BUT the Gentlemen who stand to and support the first Description, think it not at all impossible, considering the Wickedness of the Age we live in, That as God Almighty suffered the Gentleman in Black, even to tempt our Saviour himself, we need not be surprized at the Bottle-man, the Foot-man, the Oculist, the Harlequin, the Opera-man, the Monticelli-man, &c. &c. &c. — But these being weak Sentiments of other Methodists, I shall leave them to the Reverend and diligent Clergy of the Church of England, who spend *all they have in the World* for propagating Christianity. — But now to the Bottle and myself.

And first with Regard to *Miracles*.

NOTWITHSTANDING what has been said by learned Divines about Miracles, I think it not a very difficult Task to prove they have not ceased in *England* for half a Century or more — Was it not a Miracle, That the P — of O — — should lay hold of the Crown of these Kingdoms without a single Drop of Blood spilt? Or what is next to a Miracle, That the whole Nation should be as it were drawn under a *Dutch Go-Cart*, and

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not one Man in it attempt to draw his Sword in favour of his Allegiance? Is it not a Wonder, That out of a few bad Actions in the former Reign of the King, *de jure & de facto*, Good should arise to the Whole by the Accession of the present August House? Was it not a Miracle, That since that Period a Minister, should, at his own free Will and Pleasure, as it were play at Nine-Pins with the whole Nation for upwards of Twenty Years, load us, and make us pay more in Taxes than was ever thought to be in the Nation: Put in and turn out every great and good Man in it at his Will, run the Nation in Debt, commit every foreign and domestick Folly, and something worse, and all this in time of Peace; and that when the Worst came to the Worst, he retired and died in Peace in his Bed! But, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. What do you think of robbing the Treasury, and the Villains that committed the Fact never found out, or at least brought to Justice, as if the whole Cargo could be brought off in a Needle-Case?

THE Year 1720 surely may be said to excel all others, and for its exceeding great Number of Miracles.—Was it not  
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a Miracle, that a Sett of Fellows who had, and dare have the Impudence, in a Publick Assembly, to assert a *Fact* which drew Thousands of Families to Distress and Ruin, and were suffered to go off with a Booty which is impossible in Magnitude to describe; and yet they were sent about their Business with only this modest Reproof,—*Get out of my House*—and yet the poor *Bottleman's* Attempt to make a few Hundreds, by a much *honester Scheme*, is, by the Vulgar said to be the most wicked Imposition that ever was put upon the Town.—Wicked it certainly is, and was, in the Persons that robbed him of his Money.—Is it not a Miracle, that of late Years the best Troops in the World have been beat by the worst, and that more than once? Is it not a Miracle, and will it not be thought and recorded so in our History, That a Handful of scabby Dogs, without a Shoe to their Foot, or a Penny in their Poke, should trot from the Sky to *Derby*, and no-body ask them, *What want ye Lads?*—Is it not a greater Miracle, That there is one of them living;—or that their Leader is not only so, but got a fine Pension by it? I could instance a Thousand other Miracles; but

one or two of my own Magnitude, I hope will suffice; for mine undoubtedly, to all Appearance, is a very extraordinary one. — Pray, then, is it not a Miracle, That once a Week the whole Town are led by the Nose to *look* at the Blind leading the Blind; and that the Impostor himself, with all his consummate Impudence, can't refrain from Laughter, but pops behind the Curtain to enjoy a thorough Grin? and in his Mirth cries out with Extacy, like a certain Pope, — *What Advantage this Fable has been of*; — and what a pretty Sight it is to see another Bubble-maker take him off so wantonly, and how prettily they play into each other's Hands, like two Jugglers, or M — of S —.

CAN any that I have named, or could Name, be less a Miracle than mine; suppose it had been a Leathern one, there are some large enough: It never was, or ever will be said, that the *English* Nation wanted Faith — in *Bubbles* or *Miracles* either. — O *Britain*, thou hast Faith indeed. — What Sums hast thou lent, and what Millions hast thou bestowed on the Ungrateful. — Wretches, that if you desire to eat, they are sulky, — if to fight, they run; — nay, if

if their Houses were on Fire, and their Children in the Flames, they won't stir one Step to save them without a Guinea.

Is there a P—— in *Europe* that does not know a Guinea, and its Value? — If a modest, grave, foreign Gentleman comes over here, and hires a House and Equipage, and tells you his Master has a Mine twenty Miles under Ground, and produces you a Piece of *Copper* or *Block Tin*, which he has provided for him from *Cornwal* by the Person who snacks it, — Zounds — before he takes two turns in the *Royal Exchange*, the whole Sum of a Million or two is swallowed, and by the Help of the Bulls and Bears, he is happiest who can first undo himself; and yet the poor *Bottlemán* can't with a *better Scheme* keep a Coat to his Back. — Had I been a Courtier, there had been no Danger; the C——t Birth-day Mob would protect me. — If I were a Conjuror my Dexterity in telling the Money thro' a Grid-Iron would have secured it — as a late Minister was said to do.

As the Laws against punishing Witches and Sorcerers are repealed, then I hope I may be allowed to understand a little

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*le jou de main*, and should have had some Chance were my Cocks upon their own Dunghill; tho' lately my Friends lost it by one, even there; but that was a pitch'd Battle, where you could count Noses---as *Bob* said, *Let me but know the Number, leave the rest to me.*

WHAT a pretty Fellow should I be to shew all my Art at once; *Columbus's* Egg would be nothing to it.---No, no, Gentlemen, if you have a Mind to shew your Gratitude for past Insults, let me perform the whole Farce by Degrees.

SOME People say, *There is nothing new under the Sun*; surely mine was, or was to be extreamly so---but so publick a Robbery, in so great a City, never was heard of---

SOME cried, whilst they were carrying off the Booty---*Damn him, it's a Trick to raise Money for Fribourg*---others, *It's to foment the Disturbances in the North*; when, God knows my Heart, that I meant it merely for my own private Uses.

OTHERS cry, *Why does he not apply for*

for a Patent for it---the Expence of one would ruin me ; besides, there is not a Merry-Andrew or Buffoon in the Kingdom but would pirate me---nay, you see what a Hand they make already, at one of the Theatres.—This puts me in mind of a volatile Fellow, in a certain merry Reign, who, to please the King, flew a-cross the *Thames*, and the Reward offered the poor Fellow was a Patent. What put me upon this odd Scheme, for a Scheme I have and will have, together with my Art, was what I remember an old Wag, upon a Stage, harangu'd the Mob with—"Were  
 " I, Gentlemen, to give you Six-pence  
 " a-piece, you would quite ruin me ;  
 " but if you'll be so kind each of you to  
 " give me one, I shall be *Rich* indeed."--  
 Where could I apply but to an *English* Audience, and no Place more proper than where several others do the like with more Impudence and a better Fate.-

It gave me great Pleasure, the other Evening, when shaming a Sleep over a Dish of Coffee in *Change-Alley*, a young Jew clapp'd a Christian Bear on the Shoulder, — *Well*, says he, *thou brutish Companion, what's become of the Wager you offered to lay the other Night, at the*

the Pope's-Head, about the Bottlemán? Why, replies he, if you will be upon Honour, to keep close, you may deal a Quarter, I only meant to take in them light-headed Gentry of the other End of Town, that they might not take all home.— Says Mordaicai, It is a Pity they should, one of them I know was he that begun to play the Devil with the poor Fellow and his Bottle, he with the long Ruffles and Kevenhuller first laid hold of the Sconces in the Box he sat in; for my Part, I think it a Hardship, that a poor Man of Industry should be used in such a Manner; who knows the Man's Distresses, and you know the Thing was new; for my Part, I honour him—our Fifty or Hundred per Cent. can not always last; I pity the Man, and wish I knew him, he should not want a Bottle of good Wine, for that Fellow is all Genius—but he certainly was robbed—Oh, I had like to have forgot, Is the Sword found? I wish I had it—he should come down a cool Hundred; and rat me, had I known the honest Bottlemán, but he should touch the Whole—What Charity was here in a sharpening Jew, that would clip all the Coin in the Kingdom, or sell his Toe Nails! and what



what a Shock it is to Christianity to find so much Charity in an Unbeliever, and be robbed only by People of his own Persuasion. The Jews, if they rob all the rest of the Creation, are both charitable and just to one another. When I found myself the Topick of almost every Conversation, or lugged in by the Head and Shoulders into it,—I lay par-due over my Coffee, for want of other Amusement, and no more regarded, spoke to, or saluted, than if I was not either there, or that if I was, they neither regarded what I said or did.—Just like my Lord *Fanny*, before whom the Ladies used to pîs, not thinking him of any Species at all. — Soon after, up comes a grave Person of about Thirty, who affected to be about Fifty, with a large bob Wig, wrapped up in a warm Roculo and Ruff, whom I have remember'd to be a hack Runner to a Silversmith, and to whom I had often given a Shilling; but like the rest, I was invisible to him. “Well, Gentlemen, says he, with a forced Smile, what is the little damn'd sharpening Rascal found out yet? That Crown, I fear, is in as bad a Way as the S—*a* Loan, (here I was abused near home.) What, are we never to see either Princi-  
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pal or Interest then? That pretty Emperor's Loan ; I can't see how, or which Way it comes to pass, that Foreigners or Foreign Expeditions always get the better of us ; how many Millions more than we ever had, or ever will have, are we taken in for ? I am for supporting the Government, and advancing the Ministry, with half my Fortune ; but to lend it to a Foreign Prince, who possibly To-morrow or next Day be our declared Enemy. I shall never more despise the Weekly Papers.—Before I deal any more that Way, I would go every Night to the Impostor, (meaning me) possibly I may come at last into some good Schême or other ; but as for Foreign Mines, I have a very poor Opinion of them, for some Reasons, and would put my next Election in our Ward, upon it, That in my last Purchase in *Devonshire*, I shew a Sample of better Ore than any in *Europe* ; but I lost a good Foreign Chap by going to see that bottled Villain ; so I was doubly disappointed—This gave me enough ; so just as I was packing up my Awls, I heard a Whisper,—*That's a Plumb—he will be our Deputy*—and so I left 'em—but since, to my great Mortification, find, That after all this great Bragadocio said  
was

was mere Farce, and little better than a Spy for—— a Place in the N—— or V——g Office—there will be always rotten Sheep.”

ALTHO’ this may seem a Digression, yet it evidences, what a deep Impression such a Trifle as a Crown lays upon the Mind of a narrow Soul ; and how many bitter Invectives I am obliged to bear for what I never enjoyed : And it’s a Question with me, Whether this Plumb would, notwithstanding his having such an opulent Fortune, trust me to carry Coals in one of his Mines? And how irresistible is Pleasure; that this Miser of his Age would quit all kind of Business, to see, poor me, run into a *Bottle*, without considering how I should get out again.—No, that was not his Affair ; if he was disappointed, and went home to his Compting-house, his Family, with such a Head as his, must be the better for it,---and ought to be oblig’d to me.

It’s evident to me, to a Demonstration, that those People who take so much Pains to abuse the poor *Bottleman*, could very easily find out an advantageous Subject.—I am dead at present, at least

in Law. .... Will they pursue my very Ashes.—Perhaps, they are generous enough to make me like the *Pelican ex cineribus Reviviscere*.—If that is the Case, let them make Snuff of me at Night, Tea in the Morning, and Punch or Wine of me after Dinner, provided they make me Amends for the Injury I received ; I will put up with all Affronts, not doubting but that polite and learned Audience, who were in the House, will second me in so just a Demand.—To them only I appeal.

Is it to be supposed, or will any one alive, pretending to Common Sense, attempt to say, That the *Bottle* Audience was not the most polite, and remarkably brilliant the Nation ever saw, excepting where the Prince upon the Throne honoured the Publick Shew with his Appearance.

THEN will it be presumed, or who dare say, That such an Audience could be imposed upon ? It is impossible—If the Gentlemen within Doors are almost convinced to a Man, that every Thing was performed that was expected, or intended, and that merely to serve the *Bottle*.

*Bottleman*, what have the People without to say to it ?

IF such an Audience had a mind to make me a Present of a Brace of Hundreds, at four or five Shillings a-piece, what had the Mob to say to it ; or could they, without Doors, know whether I got into the Bottle or not ? Some People have made Thousands by a much worse Scheme, and, like me, brought an old House over their Ears—with this Difference, they carried off their Treasure——

AM I accountable for Swords or Boxes ? Have not I behaved like a Man of Honour in every Respect, according to what could be naturally expected from me, or any other Man in the Kingdom ?

DID I not very honestly and punctually pay the Proprietor of the House for that Night's intended Use ? Did I not, as required by him, suffer a Creature of his to be the Box-keeper or Treasurer for the Night ? —— But, alas ! this draws me to a very fatal Catastrophe indeed——I mean, where I was robb'd of my Property——my ready Money.

IT

It was very unfortunate for me I employed a Lawyer of *Quibble's-Inn*, who, as the Gentlemen of that Profession, as well as the Faculty, are fond of the marvellious *Robus Bolus*, clapt in the Word *Quart*, added to the Word *Bottle*. What Difficulties that drove me to the People in the Secret, every *Bottleman* in *England* knows; — whereas my Intent was to please the Audience in a very, very large *Bottle*; and having practiced it some Years with a tolerable Voice and some Humour, was willing to make those laugh who were so much in my Interest, and those of the best Families in the Kingdom, as their kind Attendance demonstrated.

BUT to my great Misfortune, when I intended either to go into my *Bottle*, or not to go into the *Quart Bottle*—a certain *Footy* Fellow, in one of the Boxes, without the least Authority from me or the *Bottle*, very modestly took upon him to assert, That the Audience should have their Money returned; and he truly was seconded by another Conjuror on the Stage, when there was not a single Person besides, either thought or expected it—As to what followed, the Publick  
are

are too well acquainted — The Mob without, assisted by a detached Party within, broke the Treasury, robbed me of what was next to my Wife and Children, dearest and most wanted.

AND therefore, I appeal to the Publick, Whether I have not the same Reason to expect a Recompence for the Injury done me, which I hope will be considered, as any other Person whatsoever? But to satisfy the Publick, upon a sufficient Security for myself and my Property, am encouraged by my numberless Friends, to convince the Town, the *Second Night*, and insure me Fifty more, that I will not only perform all that I really intended, and add something further, by way of Panegyrick on the present Humourists of the Age; and am,

*Gentlemen and Ladies,*

*Your very humble Servant,*

***The Bottleman.***